

By THOMAS PAINE,

**T**H E Rain pours down, the City looks forlorn,  
And gloomy subjects suit the howling morn,  
Close by my fire, with door and window fast,  
And safely shelter'd from the driving blast,  
To gaye'r thoughts, I bid a days adieu,  
To spend a scene of solitude with you.  
So oft has black Revenge engros'd the care,  
Of all the leisure hours man finds to spare;  
So oft has guilt in all her thousand dens,  
Call'd for the vengeance of chastising Pens;  
That while I fain would ease my heart on you,  
No thought is left untold, no passion new.  
From flight to flight the mental path appears,  
Worn with the steps of near six thousand years,  
And fill'd throughout with every scene of pain.  
From CAIN to G\*\*\*\*\*, and back from G\*\*\*\*\* to CAIN,  
Alike in cruelty, alike in hate,  
In guilt alike, but more alike in fate,  
Both curs'd supremely for the blood they drew,  
Each from the rising world, while each was new.  
Go second CAIN, true likeness of the first,  
And strew thy blasted head with homely dust  
In ashes sit—in wretched sack-cloth weep  
And with unpitied sorrows cease to sleep,  
Go haunt the tombs, and single out the place  
Where earth itself shall suffer a disgrace.  
Go spell the letters on some mouldring urn,  
And ask if he who sleeps there can return.  
Go count the numbers that in silence lie,  
And learn by study what it is to die,

For

For sure that heart—if any heart you own  
 Conceits that man expires without a Groan:  
 That he who lives receives from you a grace,  
 Or death is nothing but a change of place:  
 That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs,  
 And War the Royal raree shew of things, *King*  
 Else why these scenes that wound the feeling mind  
 This sport of death—this Cockpit of Mankind,  
 Why sobs the widow in perpetual pain?  
 Why cries the Orphan?—"Oh my Father's slain"  
 Why hangs the Sire his paralytic head?  
 And nods with manly grief—"My Son is dead."  
 Why drops the tears from off the sisters cheek?  
 And sweetly tells the sorrows she would speak,  
 Or why in lonely steps does pensive John?  
 To all the neighbours tell, "Poor masters gone."  
 Oh could I paint the passion, I can feel,  
 Or point a horror that would wound like steel  
 To thy unfeeling, unrelenting mind  
 I'd send a torture and relieve mankind.  
 Thou that art husband, father, brother, all  
 The tender names which kindred learn to call.  
 Yet like an image carv'd in massy stone,  
 Thou bear'st the shape, but sentiment has't none,  
 Allied by dust and figure, not by mind,  
 Thou only herd'st, but liv'st not with mankind.  
 And prone to love, like some outrageous ape,  
 Thou know'st each class of beings by their shape.  
 Since then no hopes to civilize remain  
 And all petitions have gone forth in vain,  
 One prayer is left which dreads no proud reply,  
 That *he* who made thee breath will make thee die.

COMMON SENSE.



3 E.



## Passages for Insertion in the Hiatuses.

No.	In the INTRODUCTION.	Page
1.	"by the <i>King and Parliament</i> they have"	2
2.	"reject the <i>oppressions</i> of either"	—
3.	"nor a <i>General as in England</i> a man"	11
4.	"In <i>England the king</i> hath little"	—
5.	"by the <i>king</i> and his"	13
6.	"made known, <i>I rejected the hardened, fullen-temper'd Pharaoh of England</i> for ever; and <i>disdained the wretch that with the pretended title of "FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE," can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul! — But</i> "	17
7.	—"And as he hath <i>shown himself such an inveterate enemy to Liberty, and discovered such a thirst for arbitrary power—Is he? or is he not a proper man</i> "	—
8.	"petitioning.— <i>We are already greater than the king wishes us to be: and will he not endeavour hereafter to make us less? — To bring the</i> "	—
9.	"laws, or <i>whether the King, the greatest enemy we have, or can have, shall tell us, "There shall be no laws but such as I like? — But</i> "	—
10.	"dangerous and fatal than it"	18
11.	"policy in the <i>king</i> at this"	—
12.	"reinstating himself in the government of the <i>Provinces</i> in order that he may accomplish by fraud and subtily in the long run, what he cannot do by force and violence in the short one: <i>Reconciliation and Ruin</i> are nearly related. Secondly."	—
13.	havock of mankind, like the royal brute of <i>Great-Britain</i> .—Yet that"	20
14.	"eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of <i>Government</i> . — There are"	—
15.	the tyranny but the <i>TYRANT</i> —Stand forth!"	21
16.	it came out, the <i>King's Speech</i> made"	23
17.	"revnege. And the <i>king's speech</i> , instead of terrify." —	—
18.	naturally follows, that the <i>king's speech</i> , as being a piece of finished villainy, deserved"	—
19.	"that the <i>king's speech</i> hath not before"	—
20.	"The <i>speech</i> , if it may be"	—
21.	"of kings; for as <i>Nature</i> "	—
22.	"The <i>speech</i> hath one"	—
23.	"savage than the <i>King of Great-Britain</i> . — Sir"	28
24.	"like a worm. However it matters very little now, what the king either says or does. He has wickedly broken through every moral and human obligation; trampled <i>Nature</i> and <i>Conscience</i> underfoot; and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty, procured for himself an universal hatred! — It is now"	29
25.	"the <i>King</i> and his worthless"	30
26.	"authority under him whom ye	—
27.	"tell the wretch his sins, and warn"	—
28.	"a proof that the man whom ye are so"	—

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